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In Exitu Israel . .

CAN the new state of Israel resist its own extremists? The ambiguous statement of Menahem Beigin, Irgun's Commander-in-chief, that his group "would fight to bring all Palestine under the flag of Israel, and that they would cease their underground activities within the new state" appears to raise this question. The new state seems to have been born under Gemini indeed: two immense meetings here in New York greeted the infant: at the first, Gromyko's name rang to the rafters; at the second, Truman was hailed for his help. The US recognition, given so swiftly that America's allies of two wars, England and France, were not notified, got in before that of the USSR by a short lead. Cynics might smile at these incongruous godparents, puffing dollars and hopes of help into the cradle, but the thousands, both of Jews and non-Jews, who saw in the Jewish homeland a possibility of a solution of the Jewish problem, and a true haven

for the Jewish DP's, are not a little anxious. A distinguished rabbi has stated publicly that it is by its immigration policy that the new state will be judged: if it admits none but single males between eighteen and thirty-five, sound of wind and clear of eye, there will be no doubt as to its objective; if it accepts the battered, the old, the indigent, the broken, Zion in her anguish still may raise the hopes of a wondering world.

A great Zionist, who has spent many years with Jewish immigrant children in Palestine, has raised the question whether the Jewish state in rejecting the Arab offers of minority rights, of an enclave settled by international guarantee, has not destroyed the very possibility of a Jewish homeland. In trumpeting their bellicose intentions, have not Haganah and Irgun both made it a grave problem for future generations to live in a land surrounded on three sides by Arabs and the fourth side by the sea? To die is never a problem: no one doubts that the Israelis of today will die as bravely as the Israelites of old, or the Arabs as those of their forebears who held back expanding Christendom when it essayed to roll Eastwards throughout the crusading centuries. But if recognition of Israel is more than an election-year gesture for the USA, the cry may well go up, how long? We may lift the arms embargo, and sell merrily to both Arab and Jew, and a good time will be had by all stock-holders; but in the end, shall we not find in Israel, as Russia and Germany found in Spain, that, after successfully trying out all their new weapons there, they ricocheted? Perhaps Israel will become what Sparta was, to an Arab Athens; but after Wahabi and Irgun have killed and buried each other, where will the new Leuctra be?

Nor must the UN angle be bypassed and neglected. Partition was specifically voted contingently to its acceptance by both parties; the proclamation of the Jewish state was a unilateral act, as is now Israel's request for admission. For once the whole moral onus is squarely upon UN: recognition by Russia, recognition by America: non-recognition by England, are politically expedient maneuvers. What matters, both historically, and in international law, is what action will be taken at Lake Success?

As Catholics, Israel's arrogation of a universal name for so local an habitation must distress us. It is a good example of what Professor Toynbee has called the archaizing tendency. Israel, for every Christian, is the whole redeemed world, and all peoples, since the Incarnation, are equally chosen in fulfilment of the prophecies to be heirs to the glory. Despite our sympathy for Israeli and for Jew, we must not forget that to think of the Law and the Prophets as historically given only to their physical descendants, is a minimizing and a belittling of the greatest fact in human

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history, and of the rôle of the people chosen to lead all mankind to bear witness to the Light that lightens every man who comes into the world.

The safety of the Christians, both in Israel and in the neighboring states, is something too that UN should act swiftly to guarantee. And not only the safety of the Holy Places, but their continual accessibility, should be obviously secured: it is both horrible and ridiculous that more than five hundred years after the last Crusade Jerusalem should be *incommunicado* today through the rivalries of two of the peoples by whom she is held holy.

Also the Farm Program

THE PRESIDENT'S Farm Message to Congress was delivered May 14 with marvelous lack of emphasis. Israel, Moscow; strikes, movies and the ball games all directed attention from this new statement on the perennial problem of agriculture, the land, and farm life. For many reasons, except for a small minority (all the farmers themselves are only one-fifth), Americans are not interested in agrarianism. Few farmers are much interested in more about it than the cash price of special commodities and the cash cost of bringing their particular commodities to market.

The time element is one which de-dramatizes agrarianism. In a culture devoted with increasingly neurotic intensity to day-to-day pleasures and fears—increasingly regulated by 15-minute radio programs and all the news every hour on the hour—a business that still has to wait a bit on nature necessarily misses the bus of breathless publicity. The President himself, who comes from Missouri, seems to be annotating a record and not urging a program. Meanwhile the land wastes away; American life and economy are ever more heaped up in centralized, synthetic and unintegrated masses; a cancerous metropolitanism creeps out over the country and sickens itself. At the moment it may seem to pay off to concentrate propaganda on international affairs and on the wages and profits of mass production, assembly line manufacturing, but there are longer run indications that the current system makes our land a bare desert, and our society a bare desert.

The palliatives which the Administration so mildly and vaguely suggests are divided into four parts. "First, the Congress should enact legislation providing on a permanent basis for a system of flexible supports for agricultural commodities. . . . Second, I urge that the Congress give full support to the continuance and expansion of our program of soil conservation. . . . Third . . . continue and strengthen programs to assure adequate consumption of agricultural products (research and marketing program—distribution and new use . . . export markets (!) Reciprocal Trade Agreements and the International Wheat Agree-

ment . . . school lunch . . . a practical program to use agricultural surpluses to improve the diets of low-income families, and have it ready on a standby basis in case of need). . . . Fourth . . . special problems . . . farm cooperatives . . . crop insurance . . . health services—housing standards—primary and secondary education . . . rural electrification."

All this seems good; it appears a minimum quickly necessary. It is a piecemeal, a highly practical approach to conservation and progress which must be carried on to balance our national and economic and social and personal life. Such measures will have to mature a long time in practice before the disadvantage visited on farmers by our dominant urban economy begins to be made up—and before our dominant, one-sided, distorted economy and culture begin to alter in themselves in such a way that special "farm benefit legislation" will no longer be necessary: when farming will not be specially sacrificed to the positively anti-agricultural whole.

15 Years of the Catholic Worker

THE FIRST thing that strikes friends of the *Catholic Worker* in New York and other cities is the caliber of its personnel. In the fifteen years since Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin started the paper and the movement it has enlisted a remarkable succession of people—able, determined, unpharisaic and well integrated. The first impact of the various *Worker* Houses of Hospitality in different American cities is remarkably the same. In each case a tussle with dirt, noise, bugs, drink and other dreary aspects of the slum areas of a large metropolis. And also the hundreds-long early morning breadline with its high incidence of "men on the bum" and scores of men and women without jobs or any sort of security begging desperately also for warm clothing and a place of shelter. Dorothy and Peter and their cohorts have turned no one away, succored them all, even — and especially — those individuals whose care is so difficult that public agencies have rejected them and private philanthropic agencies have been unwilling to make the attempt. The work itself is part of the explanation of the enthusiasm and serenity encountered in members of the various local *Catholic Worker* groups.

They have consciously embraced voluntary poverty. They have spent themselves in the works of mercy. In the course of the years they have given unassailable testimony to the brotherly love which should be the core of the Christian ethic and ministered in their unique fashion to literally thousands of destitute men and women. The *Catholic Worker* has indeed made its mark. The movement has also been eminently successful in dramatizing, popularizing and practicing the Liturgy, in which so many of its principles are so

eloquently expressed.

That breadlines and care of the destitute should be the most prominent aspect of their activities is partly happenstance, forced upon them by the failure of the America of the depression days in which they started—and since, to a lesser extent—to provide for considerable numbers of her uprooted citizens. Houses of Hospitality, an institution of earlier Christian days, comprised indeed a salient part of the original *Worker* program, but of equal prominence were the less known round table discussions, farming communes (where college graduates and the unemployed were to join in learning to raise food, build places of shelter and make clothing) if not “agronomic universities,” with similar objectives.

Turning from the magnificent testimony which *Worker* activities have continued to present since 1933, there are two points in the movement’s basic philosophy, consistently adhered to, deserving of special attention. The first is its revolt against the modern mass production system in factory and field. “Back to the Land” is conceived of in simple terms, with modern living conveniences of no importance and use of farm machinery quite restricted. Subsistence farming (“there is no unemployment on the land”) has been the *Catholic Worker’s* answer to proletarian insecurity. With Gandhi as an inspiration, the *Worker* advocates solving the human blight of unemployment by a drastic resettlement on the land and using “available human energy” to produce life’s necessities. This unqualified hostility to the factory and recourse to the land is the most difficult of the movement’s solutions to drive home. But, at the same time, it is still obvious to any honest observer that the *Worker* is justified in its criticisms of modern industrialism and in maintaining that even to this day war production is the only thing between us and another severe unemployment crisis.

In addition to the revolt against mass production (and whatever imperialism is its inevitable accompaniment) the *Worker* has been uncompromising in its pacifism. Not only in the years between, when everyone opposes war, but right through the days of the bitter struggle with the Axis, when refusal to fight meant jail or a CO camp for the duration. The paper has been consistently outspoken in its refusal to accept war as a solution. Today it opposes the draft, working in the mills which produce materials for armament and even the Marshall Plan (as too political). Absolute pacifism has a long and honored tradition in the Church; it appeals more strongly than ever in a day in which ideas are so much at the root of our tensions and man has developed weapons of inconceivable destructiveness.

So that both in works and doctrine the *Catholic Worker* constitutes a stimulus and a formidable challenge.

Oil and Public Power

IT HAS been pointed out in these pages that lobbyists do perform a useful function in Washington by supplying certain indispensable data to our legislators. But with increasing frequency under the present dispensation Congress has been enacting bills which reflect lobbyist pressure highly deleterious to the best interests of the country. Two such instances have, unhappily, just occurred.

The first is the enactment in the House of a bill which would give up to the separate states title to the rich strategic tidal oil lands hitherto vested in the federal government and sustained as property of the federal government both by a recent Supreme Court decision and a Presidential veto. The vote was 257 to 29!

Why should the big oil companies be particularly desirous of a whack at these new oil fields at this time? They have never been so prosperous; they have raised prices materially and there is an insatiable demand. The domestic supply is so tight that *Business Week* is predicting that this year, for the first time in American history, imports of petroleum into the United States will surpass exports. At present rates, proved petroleum deposits are calculated to last but a dozen years. Already the 400,000-odd active American oil wells are producing appreciably less. There are other possible sources of oil and gasoline (natural gas, oil shale, tar sand and coal) but thus far the production processes developed are too inefficient and expensive. Hence the two aspects of the situation: the increased importance of conserving fields still under government ownership and heightened pressure on the part of the oil companies to make them available for private exploitation.

State legislatures are notoriously susceptible to lobbyist pressure; hence transfer of sovereignty over these tidelands to the several states is tantamount to handing them over to the oil companies. Once again it is up to the Senate to forestall a “grab” by rejecting the House bill or any reasonable (or unreasonable) facsimile thereof.

The vote on the other question was closer, but the pattern is similar—here the utilities are involved. On May 11 the House rejected the request of the Tennessee Valley Authority for funds for a new steam plant which would enable the TVA system to maintain its peak loads in seven states during seasons when the river is low. The *St. Louis Star-Times* reports that spokesmen for the Republican majority (the voting largely went along strict party lines) questioned the right of TVA to engage “commercially” in the sale and generation of electric power. They quoted “with approval the private utility witnesses who said TVA should supply power only as a strict by-product of flood-control work. This is a major retreat on the whole public-power question. . . .”

Liberty For What?

Pierre Conway

ONE OFTEN HEARS the expression, "As American as apple pie," and apple pie is probably as close as many Americans could come to defining American democracy. Radio scripts attempt to amplify the definition by asserting in heroic tones: "America is the corner drug-store, America is the girl with freckles whose books you carry home from school, America is the cab-driver who refuses to drive you to Brooklyn." But when something which calls itself democratic, and is neither an apple pie, a drug store, a girl with freckles or a cab driver, comes along, how does one know whether it is the real thing? *Faute de mieux*, an American, congenitally only too willing to believe in his neighbor's good intentions, will often settle for an external label containing the words "Democratic," "Popular," "Republican," or "Anti-Fascist," and a few manifestoes generously larded with the words "freedom" and "liberty."

Here one can appositely cite the phrase, "Liberty—for what?" It is not only the dictator who asks this question, but the free man, when he has won his freedom, also finds himself confronted with the question of what to do with his liberty now that he has it. Liberty—for what? When freedom is threatened, one can make liberty an immediate objective and fight like a lion for it. This conveniently postpones the problem of what to do with it once attained. But when victory is won and man is free, he often finds himself confronted with the unforeseen problem of having freedom of speech and nothing to say, freedom from want and nothing to do with his leisure, freedom of thought and nothing to think about, freedom of religion and nothing to worship. It is in this free America, where to a great extent the fight for liberty no longer postpones the problem of liberty, that one has become more and more acutely conscious that liberty once attained is not all, that it is only a means to an end—and we do not know the end.

The business man attains freedom from want, and does not know what to do with himself; the intellectual has freedom of thought and his very freedom (as in existentialism) makes him feel anxious and abandoned. Veering away from this terrifying emptiness the business man often turns back to making more money again, and the intellectual practically to begging someone to disagree with him.

One may object that since such freedom is still

the exception, one may legitimately postpone the problem of freedom until it is universally attained. But if freedom is only a means to an end, it is obvious that one cannot even *seek* it with certainty if one does not know the end. In the fight for freedom, one may be tragically freeing oneself from those very things which are the end of freedom. Such is the danger of freedom for its own sake. In the pursuit of happiness, man often frees himself from a moral code, only to learn that the happiness which he sought has somehow vanished with that code. Men have fought for freedom in dissolving marriage to promote the happiness of marriage, only to learn that somehow this freedom has undermined the very confidence and security which are at the core of marital happiness. Men have fought to free themselves from God, only to find that this freedom has abandoned them to the cruel whims of tyrants, godless like themselves.

What has liberal education, which assumes the responsibility of providing the intellectual and moral foundations of democracy, done? What has it done to define the end of that liberty which is the goal of democracy? It has stated in ringing tones that the end of liberty is the development of the individual, the realization of man. "The first goal in education for democracy is the full, rounded, and continuing development of the person." (Report of the President's Commission on Higher Education.) Everything else is ordained to this, social responsibility, international cooperation, all are ordained either to the development of one's own person or, altruistically, to the development of the persons of others. To know oneself, that is the goal, to realize oneself. "The proper study of mankind is man."

But the real irony of this modern focusing of all things on man lies in the modern claim that we no longer have an anthropocentric universe. We are supposed to have left all that behind and yet never was the saying of Protagoras that "man was the measure of all things" more true than today. Sir James Jeans loves to frighten his readers by emphasizing man's material smallness and that of the world in the face of the universe, "terrifying because of its inconceivably long vistas of time which dwarf human history to the twinkling of an eye, terrifying because of our extreme loneliness, and because of the material insignificance of our home in space—a millionth part of a grain of sand out of all the sea-sand in the

world." ("The Mysterious Universe.") All this is supposed to be a healthy corrective to the Greek and medieval idea "that the earth was the center around which everything else in the visible universe revolved. This earth center for which everything else was created was thus obviously the focus of interest and attention of whatever divine beings there were above it." (Rufus M. Jones, "What The Modern Man Can Believe," the *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1947.)

But the truth is that, while man has minimized himself materially, he has also magnified himself spiritually to quasi-divine proportions, and this is an infinitely greater pretention than purely material grandeur, despite the show of scientific humility which accompanies it. The fact is that man, and man alone, is now the supreme judge of the universe. All things are measured by their relationship to him. This is accomplished by the subtle procedure whereby there follows upon the premise that an objective norm is impossible, the necessary conclusion that man alone must henceforth be the norm. A thing is good, if it is good *to man*, a thing is true, if it is true *to man*. Thus, in a far deeper sense than ever before, the whole universe revolves about man, and man alone. The catastrophic and tragic consequences of man's ordering a universe whose laws he cannot change are only too evident.

The Greeks, on the other hand, while holding for a universe with the earth in the material center, never held for a universe with the essentially anthropocentric thesis of man in the spiritual and intellectual center. This is only too clear in Aristotle. They (the Pythagoreans) hold that the most important part of the world, which is the center, should be most strictly guarded, . . . as if the word 'center' were quite unequivocal, and the center of the mathematical figure were always the same with that of the thing or the natural center. But it is better to conceive of the case of the whole heaven as analogous to that of animals, in which the center of the animal and that of the body are different. For this reason they have no need to be so disturbed about the world, or to call in a guard for its center; rather

let them look for the center in the other sense and tell us what it is like and where nature has set it. That center will be something primary and precious; *but to the mere position we should give the last place rather than the first.* ("On The Heavens II," 293b.) Saint Thomas in his commentary is equally explicit: "And therefore in the whole universe, . . . the earth, which is contained by all, since it is locally in the middle, is the most material and ignoble of all the heavenly bodies." (*De Caelo Et Mundo* II, 1.20,7.)

Where then, *was* the center of the universe for the Greeks and the scholastics? The center of the universe was in the ultimate form of the universe, which form, in turn, was ultimately traceable to the first cause of the universe, God. Aristotle terminates "Metaphysic XII" on the nature of the First Mover with these words which are in anticipation of the modern Einsteinian reduction of the world as known to man to a mere chain of mathematical "events."¹

"And those who say mathematical number is first and go on to generate one kind of substance after another and give different principles for each, *make the substance of the universe a mere series of episodes*, . . . and they give us many governing principles; but the world refuses to be governed badly. 'The rule of many is not good; one ruler let there be.' ('Metaphysics XII,' 1076a.) These words are the last commented upon by Saint Thomas in his commentary on the Metaphysics: "But a plurality of rules is not good, just as it would not be good if there were several families in the same house who did not communicate with each other. Whence it remains that the universe is as one rule and one kingdom. Thus it must be ordered by one governor. And this is what Aristotle concludes, that there is one ruler of the whole universe, that is, the first mover, and the first intelligible being, and the first good, whom he has called above, God, who is blessed for ever and ever. Amen." (*In Meta. XII*, 1.12.)

Because of this conception, Aristotle, while, like modern educators, he states explicitly that education is ordained to the human good of the community and the individuals in the community as primarily defined by the goals of the social order,² nevertheless does not make the fatal mis-

¹ Cf. Sir James Jeans, "Physics and Philosophy": "The gravitational theory of relativity again brings considerations of a new kind into play. It provides an outstanding example of the truth of Einstein's general remark, that, as experimental research advances, the fundamental laws of nature become simplified more and more, and as in many other departments of physics, we find this simplicity residing neither in the physical facts nor in their pictorial representations, but solely in the *mathematical formulae which describe the pattern of events.*"

Also Bertrand Russell, "A History of Western Philosophy": "From all this it seems to follow that *events* not particles, must be the 'stuff' of physics. What has been thought of as a particle will have to be thought of as *a series of events*. . . . I think that both mind and matter are merely convenient ways of grouping *events*."

² "It (the chief good) would seem to belong to the most authoritative art and that which is most truly the master art. And politics appears to be of this nature; for it is this that ordains which of the sciences should be studied in a state, and which each class of citizens should learn and up to what point they should learn them. . . . (This exactly concurs with the premises of the Report of the President's Commission.) For even if the end is the same for a single man and for a state, that of the state seems at all events something greater and more complete whether to attain or to preserve; though it is worth while to attain the end merely for one man, it is finer and more godlike to attain it for a nation or for city-

take of assuming that the human end is the ultimate end, and human good the ultimate good.

It is this fatal assumption that man is the end of all things that leaves modern education and modern democracy acephalous. All attention is focused on man, all must converge on man. In the measure in which this is accomplished man comes to the acutely disillusioning realization that in the very core of his nature he is a strangely incomplete, strangely unfulfilled being. But in the modern universe he has nowhere else to turn but to himself and this becomes in the end a supremely boring and unrewarding focus of attention. He has no one to believe in but himself, and he yearns to believe in and rely on one greater than himself. He arrives at his goal only to find there nothing but emptiness. He searches for a higher order in which he can find security and certitude, in the light of which he can understand himself and fulfil himself, but he is forbidden to look beyond the confines of his own small anthropocentric world. It is this cosmic dead-end, this final futility, which Aristotle and the great Greeks avoided. Man was not the center of all things, but God. Above the human good, there was the divine good, supplying the pattern for the human good, furnishing the end for the human good which remains so patently incomplete when abandoned to itself.

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For this reason, Aristotle, after stating that the science of human happiness is first of all human science, makes it clear that it is nevertheless not the highest science absolutely. Above it and at the head of all the sciences is the divine science, the science of which God, and not man, is the principal object, and which is the absolutely first of all the sciences, and the source of the order of them all. "Therefore wisdom must plainly be the most finished of the forms of knowledge . . . scientific knowledge of the highest objects. . . . Of the highest objects, we say; for it would be strange to think that the art of politics (science of general human good) or practical wisdom, is the best knowledge, *since man is not the best thing in the world.*" ("Ethics VI," 1141a.) This science of ultimates, of first causes, of God, is the only truly *free* science, and the most honorable of them all. ("Metaphysics I," 982b.)

But is not this beyond our powers? Aristotle answers: ". . . We must not follow those who advise us, being men, to think of human things, and, being mortal, of mortal things, but must, so far as we can, make ourselves immortal, and

states." (This completely covers the scope that the Report prescribes for education, which should be ordained not only to the well-being of the individual but to that of all men.) ("Ethics I.")

strain every nerve to live in accordance with the best thing in us. . . . This life therefore is the happiest." (Ethics X, 1177b.) Herein lies the whole essence of the Aristotelian concept of education, of life, and of happiness. The end of man is not to know himself, but *to know God.*

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The advent of Christianity ratified once and for all the conclusions attained by the genius of Aristotle: Man is not the center of the universe but God; man's perfection and happiness lie not in the developing of himself as the end, but in the union of himself to God as the end. That is the nature of reality, and man can never be himself, never fulfil himself, without that final ordination. The ultimate aim of St. Augustine is not to know himself. "*Deus semper idem, noverim me, noverim te.* O God, always the self-same, that I might know myself, *that I might know Thee.*" (*Soliloquiorum II.*) The ultimate perfection of human activity for Saint Thomas Aquinas, likewise, does not consist in man's knowledge and realization of man. "The proper activity of man as man is *to know.* For it is in this wise that man differs from all the other animals. . . . Since it is desirable to each thing to be conjoined to its source, in this the perfection of each thing consists. . . . Man is not conjoined to the separated substances (God, above all), which are the principles of the human intellect, and in relation to which the human intellect is as imperfect to perfect, except by the intellect. Therefore in this the ultimate happiness of man consists." (*In Meta. I, 1.1.*)

In modern liberal education, the whole core, the whole center of man's significance, of his purpose, his ordination to an end beyond himself, has been studiously omitted. It is utterly impossible to assume to understand man, to perfect man, while scrupulously detaching him from the ultimate end which alone can explain what he is and what he is supposed to be. It is because of this that we have the tragic denouement of modern education: the student is educated up from the elementary disciplines, his mind is more and more developed, his thirst for truth is increased, he feels that he is moving closer and closer to a goal; finally he arrives at the end of his climb and finds: *nothing.*

This is the inner sanctum which he has so painfully labored to penetrate, the end of all his hopes: the road leads no further. It is this impenetrable darkness that has been built up around man which, more than any Iron Curtain, accounts for the hollow ring of the high-sounding declarations concerning the dignity of man and society. No one can put his finger on wherein that dignity

consists: in man's being made in the image and likeness of God, because God is no longer there. No one can clearly establish the worth of the liberty of democracy, since liberty is worthless if it is not liberty to ordain oneself to God.

The liberal arts are a mockery if they do not make a man really free, if they are not ordained to that perfect freedom of the man who, because his heart is with God, is above all the vicissitudes of this life, whom nothing or no one can enslave. The liberal arts, whether taken in their traditional sense of the *Trivium* and the *Quadrivium* or in their more extended sense, are at best only an introduction to perfect science and incomplete in themselves. In the Middle Ages, the remaining science necessary for true living was completed by the light of faith. But in modern times, where faith is no longer the common possession, the speculative and moral sciences, which are the organic completion of the liberal arts, are absolutely indispensable if man is to have anything like a complete concept of himself.

In this sense we are way behind the Middle Ages because they, once the philosophy of Aristotle fell into their hands, rapidly completed the structure of human knowledge of which the liberal arts are at best a preliminary, though indispensable, discipline. This task was accomplished in great part due to the labors of Saint Thomas Aquinas, who speaks of the liberal arts thus: "The seven liberal arts do not sufficiently divide theoretical (i.e. speculative) philosophy . . . because they are first taught these things who wish to learn philosophy: and therefore they are divided into the *trivium* and the *quadrivium*, as if to imply that through them as through certain ways the lively mind enters into the secrets of philosophy. (The word *trivium* has the etymological sense of 'three ways' the word *quadrivium* of 'four ways'.) This agrees with the words of the Philosopher in *Meta. II* that the method of knowing should be sought before the sciences; and the Commentator says in the same place that *logic*, which shows the mode of knowing of all the sciences, should be learned before all the other sciences, which pertains to the *trivium*. He (Aristotle) likewise says in 'Ethics VI' that mathematics can be learned by children; but not physics, which requires experience. From which one is given to understand that first logic, then *mathematics* should be learned which pertains to the *quadrivium*. Thus by these certain ways the mind is prepared for the other physical sciences." (*De Trinitate*, q. 5, a. 1.)

Thus the liberal arts are intended primarily not as an end, but as an introduction to the other higher sciences. "Many arts have been found which are useful, of which some are ordained to the necessities of life, such as the mechanical arts, others as an introduction into other sciences, such as the logical arts . . ." (*In Meta. I*, 1.1.)

"Those arts alone are called liberal which are ordained to knowledge." (*ibid.*, 1.3.)

A complete education, then, will include the liberal arts, not as the *pièce de résistance*, but as an introduction to perfect knowledge. "The fitting order of learning will therefore be as follows: (1) The youth should be instructed in logic, because logic teaches the method of all of philosophy. (2) They should be instructed in mathematics which neither requires experience, nor transcends the imagination. (3) In natural sciences, which even though they do not exceed the senses and the imagination, nevertheless require experience. (4) In morals, which require experience and a mind free from the passions. . . . (5) In wisdom and divine things which transcend the imagination and require a robust intellect." (*In Eth. VI*, 1.7.) From this it is evident that our modern concept of a liberal arts education, even taking the liberal arts in the broadest sense, is in the strict sense of the word, hardly any education at all. It suffers from having, literally, neither a beginning nor an end. Grammar and logic, which are indispensable to any scientific knowledge, are woefully missing in the beginning, and metaphysics, which can alone integrate the whole scheme and purpose of education, knowledge and life, is completely missing at the end.

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It is no wonder, then, that we find ourselves in a world in which all principles, all absolutes, are tragically missing, where expediency, conforming to immediate needs but often with drastic consequences for the future, appears to be the only rule. Thus Einstein, while urging on the one hand that World Government should guarantee to the Russians their security, urges on the other hand that it should intervene in Argentina and Spain.³ What principle can one find in these proposals of the man whom the modern world regards as the greatest mind of the time, the seer of the century, except the old principle of political expediency, the principle that might makes right? What other principles does one find in international dealings despite the lofty speeches which accompany them, except this pragmatic stand-by which, when it comes to a showdown, outweighs all moral and intellectual convictions, as was amply demonstrated in the fate of Poland. Yet deep down, the whole world knows these principles do not work in the long run, that they

³"Obviously the first draft (of the World Government—to be prepared by Russia at the invitation of the U. S. and Great Britain!) would not be the final one, but the Russians should be made to feel that the World Government would assure them their security. . . . Conditions such as exist in Argentina and Spain should be dealt with. There must be an end to the concept of non-intervention, for to end it is part of keeping the peace. . . . While it is true that in the Soviet Union the minority rules, I do not consider that internal conditions there are of themselves a threat to world peace." (*The Pocket Atlantic*, New York, 1946.)

eventually boomerang, that they are not good, they are not true. But only an *absolute* good, and an *absolute* truth can prevail against them.

These must be recaptured by education, by society, by democracy, if the future of man is to be governed by anything else but inefficacious and ephemeral expedients, as dangerous as they are artificial. These must be restored if man is to escape enslavement to man's ideas and enjoy true liberty. Those who possess faith already know these eternal truths, but they will not bring them to the rational consciousness of man by a too con-

ciliatory attitude towards the tenets of modern education. Catholics are numbered on the various Commissions investigating education, yet there is little trace of their influence in the reports. But it is only when a concept of education such as that of Aristotle and Saint Thomas, which contains the indispensable essence of true education and true living, and is today confined practically solely to the Catholics, prevails, that education will fulfil its function adequately, that men will learn the meaning of freedom and society will again find the road to enduring happiness.

Control of Profits in Britain

Paul Derrick

THE ECONOMIC Survey for 1948 is a more sober statement than the original survey of 1947. It makes it quite clear that we shall have to produce a great deal more if we are to maintain our standard of living and avoid widespread unemployment. We have been importing more than a million pounds worth of goods every day during 1947 without paying for them with exports and the gap has been widening. With Marshall Aid we shall be able to go on receiving about a million pounds worth of goods on credit from the Western Hemisphere for the next six months, though even so there is likely to be some reduction of living standards and some unemployment. Without Marshall Aid there would be disaster; we simply should not be able to import essential food and raw materials.

In any case we cannot go on receiving these things on credit. Sooner or later we shall either have to produce more goods to pay for them or else reduce our standard of living. The problem is twofold: first we have to produce the right goods and secondly we shall have to market them. There is first the problem of incentive and secondly the problem of price. It is true that the industrial re-equipment which has been going on during the last two years will help us to produce more, but the main problem is to induce men to go into the right jobs and to work hard when they get there, to co-operate wholeheartedly with management in increasing efficiency. Again American tariff policy and the restrictions on our freedom of action in this connection imposed by the Havana agreement make price a matter of crucial importance in marketing.

Ever since the agricultural depression of the eighties men have been leaving agriculture for industry and since the great depression of 1931 they have also been leaving heavy industry for

the new light industries and services. The war has accentuated this tendency since deficit expenditure has led to inflationary pressure and controls, and the demand for unrationed non-essentials, like entertainment and travel and tobacco and gambling, has tended to increase relatively to the demand for necessities. Man-power has tended to move into such industries and into Government offices instead of into basic industries like agriculture, mining and textiles. Direction of labor alone will not bring enough men back into these basic industries; they must also be made more attractive. Except for Government Services the Economic Survey tells us which industries are overmanned, as well as those which are undermanned, but it does not explain how men are to be induced to leave the former for the latter, or why the rising generation should be expected to undertake relatively heavier work for relatively less money. One thing, however, that must be done is to reduce the inflationary pressure and the artificial demand for unrationed non-essentials; another is to arrest the tendency for other classes of workers to demand and secure wage increases following an increase in the earnings of farm workers, miners or other primary producers.

The problem of inducing men already in the right jobs to work with energy and enthusiasm also comes up against the problem of inflationary pressure. The worker cannot buy more rationed goods with his extra earnings and is therefore disinclined to work harder; and in any case a large part of overtime or other additional earnings are collected in P.A.Y.E. (Pay as You Earn: payroll taxes.) Moreover prices and profits have been rising during the last few years in spite of the controls and the workers have got into their heads the idea that extra effort now should mean

better living sooner for themselves rather than for the stockholders. Why, they ask, should we work harder to increase the profits of the stockholders? There has, as a consequence, been a great deal of discussion in the Trade Unions about the possibility of limiting profits and last September the General Council of the T.U.C. formally demanded the "control of profits" as a condition of any kind of wage-pegging and set up a special Economic Committee to study the whole question of rising prices and profits.

If increasing profits have discouraged the workers from producing as much as possible, rising prices have made marketing abroad more difficult. In any case the world need for raw materials, food and capital equipment is greater than its need for manufactured consumer goods, and prices have been moving against us in most markets; we are finding it more and more difficult to export manufactures in exchange for food and the question of price is all important. Price rises at home could be offset by devaluation but this would be resented by countries holding sterling and would make it more difficult and expensive for us to obtain essential supplies on credit. Further export subsidies would tend to increase the inflationary pressure at home. We simply must prevent costs and prices rising at home if we are to retain our export markets; but price stabilization depends upon wage stabilization, and the Unions are clearly not prepared to accept any kind of wage stabilization without some kind of control of profits. The problem of price as well as the problem of production depends upon some kind of limitation of profits.

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Largely as a result of Union pressure the tax on distributed profits was doubled in the autumn budget but companies continued to distribute as much as they could in dividends and some tended to distribute more to offset the effects of the tax. With a larger part of their profits collected in taxation employers had less reason to produce efficiently so that the tax tended to hinder rather than to help the Government's drive for increased production. The workers, for their part, do not work harder for the pleasure of benefiting the community by paying more in P.A.Y.E. and were not much comforted by the thought that the increased profits tax benefited the Treasury as well as the stockholders; they still saw more and more money going out of industry to the stockholders and the Treasury—money which might have found its way into their pay envelopes. The tax, indeed, had a depressing effect upon production without satisfying the Unions.

The increase in the Profits Tax failed to prevent many Unions from pressing for wage increases and Government appeals in the autumn

for the voluntary limitation of profits also failed to have much effect. On the 4th of February the Government issued a White Paper on "Personal Incomes, Costs and Profits" which explained the need for preventing any further general rise in prices, wages and profits and said that there was "no justification for any increase in income from profits." A week later Sir Stafford Cripps, Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced that he had asked the Federation of British Industries to produce a scheme for the voluntary reduction of profits and in the debate which followed a number of Labour M.P.'s urged that the Unions were unlikely to refrain from pressing further wage claims unless there was a compulsory limitation of profits.

The Federated British Industries and associated organizations made their report a month later, on March 12, after consultation with the representatives of all kinds of affiliated firms. With the concurrence of the great majority of firms consulted they recommended that industry should do everything possible to reduce prices and profits, if possible by increasing efficiency while at the same time they urged that the Government should help to reduce the inflationary pressure by reducing its own expenditure. They also recommended that dividends distributed during 1948 should not be greater than those paid in the previous year and many individual firms have since announced their intention of limiting their dividends in support of the Government's policy. Other firms, however, have distributed higher dividends and the general view, on the stock exchange and elsewhere, seems to be that the voluntary limitation of dividends is impracticable and that some kind of compulsion will be introduced before long. The *Economist* is frankly skeptical; the *Times* envisages the "possibility of some restriction on increases in dividends," while the *Sunday Times* anticipates legislation enforcing limits all around. The general expectation seems to be that unless there is a general limitation some kind of compulsion is likely to be introduced at the time of the budget.

Like the employers, the Trade Unions supported the Government's policy of stabilizing prices, wages and profits, but doubted whether the voluntary limitation of profits was likely to be effective. The special Economic Committee of the T.U.C. reported in favor of supporting the Government's policy and its recommendations were endorsed by an overwhelming majority of the T.U.C. General Council on February 19. On March 25, a Special Conference of Trade Union executives confirmed the decision of the General Council but by little more than a two-thirds majority. There was much skepticism about the practicability of the voluntary limitation of profits and most Unions engaged in negotiations seemed

to consider that their own wage claims were perfectly legitimate and did not come within the scope of the recommendations of the White Paper. Indeed the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions announced its intention of pushing on with wage claims immediately after the publication of the White Paper.

In spite of the considerable measure of response from industry it does seem likely that there will have to be some kind of compulsory limitation of profits if pressure for higher wages is to be arrested. Mr. Attlee said, on February 12, that this could not be achieved by "applying some flat percentage rate" but it surely should not be impossible for the Government to require all companies to place some limit on the dividends distributed on all classes of stocks. It would, of course, be absurd to expect companies to limit their dividends to the sum which they happened to distribute during 1947 but it should not be impossible for them to come to some idea of a "reasonable return" taking into account not only past dividends but present market values, existing assets and future prospects.

A temporary and partial freezing of dividends at 1947 levels is no more likely to satisfy the Unions than the doubling of the profits tax in the autumn budget. The temporary freezing of dividends would mean that the stockholders would still get the increased income resulting from the extra efforts of the workers either in increased capital values or, in the long run, in higher dividends. The Unions have no wish to prevent the investor getting a reasonable return on his capital; they do not think that the investor who happened to get a low dividend in 1947 should never get a fair return. All they say is that some limit should be placed on the return paid on capital, and that the large financier speculating in capital values should be able to weather the inflationary storm while the small investor holding Government Securities or Preference shares on which the return is already limited should be forced to reduce his standard of living.

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Unless some limit is placed upon the return paid on capital, unless the principal of a limited return on capital is permanently incorporated in company law the Unions are likely to press for higher and higher wages either through their negotiating machinery or directly by strike action. Increasing prices and costs are likely to make it impossible for us to pay for essential imports with exports and there will be unemployment and a sharp reduction in the general standard of living. If, however, the return on capital is permanently limited by law throughout industry, and additional surpluses go not to the Treasury but to labor and management as a dividend on wages

and salaries, there is likely to be a marked increase in production. The managers would have every reason to continue to produce as efficiently as possible if they shared in additional surpluses as a dividend on salaries not subject to profits tax; they would benefit directly from increased efficiency even if they were not themselves stockholders. And the workers would co-operate wholeheartedly with management in increasing efficiency because management would be working in the interests of labor; because they would know that extra effort on their own part was the best if not the only way of increasing their own earnings. Such a spirit of partnership would be generated that Liberals and Conservatives, who have been talking a great deal about partnership in industry, would be bound to accept and support the principle of a limited return on capital.

The Unions would no longer press for higher and higher wages, in spite of any price increases there might be, if they knew that available surpluses would be coming back to them in any case, as a dividend on wages. And such wage stabilization would itself go a very long way to assuring price stabilization. The profits tax would no longer have such a depressing effect upon production and it would be possible to use it to mop up more of the surplus money which will have to be collected by some kind of taxation if inflationary pressure is to be reduced. The F.B.I. are well aware of the need to reduce the quantity of money in circulation and urge the reduction of Government expenditure, but direct taxation has the same anti-inflationary effect. With the return on capital limited, the Profits Tax would still have an anti-inflationary effect but not such a depressing effect because the managers would share in surpluses as a dividend on salary.

With the return on capital limited, and payments to capital, instead of payments to labor, treated as a cost, indirect taxation of luxury goods would have the direct effect of reducing the earnings of those engaged in the industry. *With the public no longer with the money to spare to pay an indefinitely higher price, reduced earnings would tend to reduce the numbers engaged in the industry; there would no longer be an artificially good demand for unrationed non-essentials.* Moreover it would be easier to maintain demand and full employment without further inflation by reducing the tendency for money to accumulate in the hands of people and institutions unable to spend it; prosperity would automatically increase the purchasing power of people able to consume as much as industry could produce.

In short, legislation placing some limit on the return on capital is likely to be introduced before long because it is necessary for the reduction of the inflationary pressure and to enable us to pro-

duce and market the goods to pay for the imports which we now receive on credit. Such legislation would not hurt the ordinary shareholder but simply put him in the same position that the preference shareholder is in today. The ordinary shareholder would continue to get rather more than the preference shareholder because the latter would have priority; but the return of the latter would nevertheless be limited. The increased efficiency resulting from co-operative production would, however, mean that he was more likely to get a reasonable return and his savings would be safer for the same reason. The workers and managers would be anxious to pay the stockholders a reasonable return on their capital in order to begin to share in surpluses themselves, just as the directors of any company will always try to produce efficiently enough to pay dividends on preference capital in order to share themselves as holders of ordinary shares.

Most small investors hold Government Securities or preference shares, on which the return is already limited, and will suffer from a rise in prices. The general limitation of the return on capital would put all investors in the same position as small investors; but it would be a better position than small investors are in now because the tendency for wages and prices to rise would be arrested and there would be more goods in the shops. Many different sections of the community suffer from inflation; pensioners, salary earners and many others as well as small investors. Why should the big financier escape?

Communications

THINGS WORTH FIGHTING FOR?

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Aramco (Arabian American Oil Company) has not abandoned religion in its operations in Saudi Arabia. ["These representatives of America, both army and commercial, have already given up their God. . . . We have given up our Church in Arabia (it is an example)."—"Things Worth Fighting For?" letter from Dorothy Day in communications column 21 May.] Out of regard for the piety of the Arabians, who constitute the majority of the Aramco personnel in the field, the Moslem holy day of Friday is a holiday instead of Sunday. It would seem the normal thing to comply with the local religious holiday in Saudi Arabia just as Americans expect foreigners coming to the United States to go along with our custom of observing Sunday as a weekly holiday. Arab employees in Saudi Arabia are given time off for their daily prayers every day in the week.

For the minority American colony there are regular Catholic and Protestant services conducted at Dhahran by Catholic and Protestant clergymen resident on Bahrain Island, 25 miles away. These clergymen also go to

Dhahran upon request to celebrate sacraments and to conduct funeral services. In addition, there is a United States Army chaplain in Dhahran who conducts regular services which are widely attended by the American colony.

Steps recently have been taken by a group of employees at Dhahran to form a Union Protestant Congregation with a full time pastor.

H. G. THOMPSON, *Vice-President,*
Arabian American Oil Company.

"CATHOLIC DOCTORS AND TEACHERS"

Jersey City, N. J.

TO the Editors: Though I have read and reread the letter of Mr. Thomas Geoghegan of Detroit (issue of April 30th), and have solicited the opinion of many friends among the laity and priests, I am still unable to see what his remarks had to do with my plea for better, more-Catholic, doctors. However, since his red herrings are obstructing the path to our goal, I should like to offer a few words in rebuttal.

Avoiding the thesis of my letter (i.e., that in order to be a good Catholic doctor a man must be both a good doctor and a good Catholic), the writer used a few of my "tangential remarks" to indict me (for wanting to stay "in the incubator"), and the entire Catholic educational system (for "failing in its responsibility of preparing Catholic laymen to defend their faith in a materialistic world.") He enumerated three "rather shaky foundations" upon which the "Catholic universities seem to base their practical approach to education": The propositions (1) that celibacy is the *sine qua non* of intellectual competence; (2) that no man has said anything stimulating (be it right or wrong) since the thirteenth century; (3) that it is a military blunder to know the plan of attack of the enemy.

He then concludes: "It is not difficult to see why a Catholic graduate, when struck with a missile straight from the ammunition box of Karl Marx or John Dewey, cannot defend his position to his own satisfaction or to the edification of the onlooker."

To one whose ambition it is to practice obstetrics, Mr. Geoghegan's questions as to just how long I wish to stay in the nursery were perhaps apropos. Not so, however, were his inferences concerning the cause of my inability to cope with the materialism of my associates when I entered medical school or his conclusion that, if sixteen years were not sufficient to condition one, twenty years would be equally futile.

In all fairness to the colleges which I attended, it must be stated that I was a Navy student during my final years in college and that consequently my philosophic studies suffered from the accelerated program and the rigorous physical fitness regimen of the V-12. As a result I was not as well-grounded in philosophy and medical ethics as were my predecessors and successors in those same colleges. More important, however, is the point that the college course in ethics was not meant to answer fully the specialized questions of medical ethics, since the majority of the students would meet these

problems but rarely. Those introductory courses in Ethics and Philosophy in the Catholic colleges are intended to provide a groundwork of the minimum necessary for the Catholic leader; the specialist must keep the ethics of his own profession in pace with his training in his vocation. In both colleges of my attendance there were elective courses in medical ethics, but the pressure of Naval duties precluded my taking them. Since entering medical school, however, I have had the advantage of contact with priests who are unexcelled in their comprehension of medical ethics (especially Father Ignatius Cox, S.J., and Father Francis Connell, C.S.S.R.), and the use of the Catholic Medical Library at Bellevue Hospital, so that in the past year or two I have been able to "defend my position to my own satisfaction and to the edification of the onlooker" on many occasions. It was in the hope of extending this opportunity to others in a similar plight that I wrote my letter to COMMONWEAL.

In reference to Mr. Geoghegan's contention that a Catholic medical school could not succeed where a Catholic premedical college had been inadequate, his reasoning is fallacious in assuming that, because a general course in ethics was insufficient, therefore a specialized course would be worse. This same fallacy applied to medicine would conclude that if a student cannot treat disease after finishing a premedical course, four years of medical school would be wasted on him. To emphasize the necessity for a Catholic student to keep his ethical training in pace with his medical training, I wrote my original letter, and I now repeat the call.

When Mr. Geoghegan states that the responsibility of the Catholic educational institutions is to prepare laymen to defend their Faith in a materialistic world, he is stating an old fallacy with a shred of truth. In defending the Faith were the only intent of the Catholic college, it would be a *negative* system indeed. Actually, the Catholic college is training laymen for full and active *positive* Catholic temporal and eternal *living*. In addition, it equips the layman with the elementary proofs necessary to answer for the sincere inquirer the major objections of the materialists; it cannot hope to squeeze into the semester hours of philosophy answers to the countless excuses that some find for flaunting God's Law.

Mr. Geoghegan's statement that the Church considers it a military blunder to know the plan of the enemy is fallacious, and foreign to the real issue. Throughout our school and parochial lives we are reminded of the ways in which "the world, the flesh, and the devil" conspire to rob us of our birthright. In college courses in ethics and philosophy we were constantly reminded of the tempting philosophies of Kant, Dewey and Mill and the others, and were taught the answers to their major theses. But it is not possible to condition a soldier to all the eventualities of total war; how then can the writer criticize the college for not equipping its graduates to answer *all* the objections.

Lest COMMONWEAL readers be misled into believing that Mr. Geoghegan's letter was typical of the response to our plea, I hasten to correct that misconception. From twenty states, laymen and priests, doctors and students

and patients, have come letters and verbal promises of help and prayers for the "apostolate of medicine." A medical student in Boston, a teacher in Philadelphia, a priest in Los Angeles, and a nurse in New York wrote to let us know that they too had found a solution by organizing Newman Clubs in their local schools. From some of them came the call for consolidation of the individual clubs into a Catholic Internes' and Medical Students' Guild, to serve as a connecting-link between the college Newman Clubs and National Federation of Catholic College Students and the Federation of Catholic Physicians' Guilds. With the assistance of Doctor André Boué of the University of Paris, international secretary of the *Secrétariat International de Médecine*, medical branch of Pax Romana, we are preparing to join the other Catholic medical students of the world in the First Annual International Convention in Paris in July.

JAMES A. DOLAN.

ART, THE MOON PRINCE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors It isn't often at all I comment so, but I liked very much Merton's "Psalm" and the review by Powers of the Cocteau-Maritain correspondence. As for the review, I should think both Cocteau and Maritain content, as well as the ones who admire both. How well he read the book, how carefully he quoted! Such reviews are the ones one looks for—if not for brief masterpieces: one or two an issue are an investment—not just something more to read, idly.

R. E. F. LARSSON.

FOR C.A.R.E. AND S.A.F.E. PARCELS

Liège, Belgium.

TO the Editors: We have 22 convents in Germany with many, many orphans. May I appeal to you for several houses where the need is great?

Rev. Mother Superior	Rev. Mother Maria Anna
St. Klarahaus	Kinderheim Stadtwald
Schleiden/Eifel	Aachen, Rheinland
French Zone, Germany	British Zone, Germany
Rev. Mother Josefa Maria	
Kinderheim Maria Schutz	
Wachendorf ueber Euskirchen	
Rheinland, British Zone, Germany	

SISTER LEONARDA MARIA,
of the Poor Child Jesus.

"CONCORD"

Brewster, Mass.

TO the Editors: I would like to call the attention of THE COMMONWEAL's readers to the magazine, *Concord*, the organ of the Young Christian Students in this country. Several new Catholic magazines have been started here since the war, but none, it seems to me, came quite so full-panoplied into being. Less pretentious than some of the others and much more quietly initiated, *Concord* in its mature approach and the solidly professional quality of its editing—could well be an example for even more established periodicals in the Catholic field. Its publication office is at 325 Lincoln Way West, South Bend, Indiana. HARRY SYLVESTER.

CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL NEWS

CARDINAL & APOSTOLIC DELEGATE FROM NEAR EAST SEE VATICAN DIGNITARIES

Rome (CIP, 14/5)—That the Vatican is making all possible efforts to receive detailed information about what is going on in Palestine and in the Near East in general may be concluded from the fact that *Grigorios Cardinal Agagianian*, Armenian Catholic Patriarch, and *Archbishop Gustavo Testa*, Apostolic Delegate for Palestine, are at present in Rome and have been seeing several of the higher dignitaries of the Papal Secretariat of State. Archbishop Testa has announced that he is planning to leave for Jerusalem in the immediate future.

In his Encyclical "Auspicia Quaedam" of May, 1948, in which he urged Catholics all over the world to pray for world peace and, particularly, for a just settlement to terminate the present war in the Holy Land, Pope Pius XII expressed in the most solemn form his deep concern over the events in Palestine. "If there exists any place that ought to be most dear to every cultured person," the Pope declared, "surely it is Palestine, where, from the dawn of antiquity, such great light of truth shone for all men, where the Word of God made flesh announced, through the angels' choir, peace to all men; where Christ hanging on the Cross acquired salvation for all mankind, His arms outstretched as if He were inviting all nations to fraternal harmony. . . ."

The Armenian Patriarch, now in Rome, has his regular residence at Bzommar near Beirut, in the Lebanon Republic, not far from the borders of Palestine.

ARABIC CATHOLIC NEWSPAPER

Beirut (CIP, 12/5)—Under the title, "Qa-Chira" (The Ship), a Catholic weekly newspaper in the Arabic language has begun publication here "under the sponsorship of the Catholic Hierarchy of Beirut," and with the object of "serving law and liberty," as an editorial in the first issue declared. *Alfred Naccache*, former President of the Lebanon Republic, is one of the regular contributors. The Editors have expressed the hope that at some later time it may be possible to transform the weekly into a daily. The world's only Catholic daily newspaper in the Arabic language, "Al-Bachir," also at Beirut, discontinued publication in the late summer of 1947, mainly for political reasons.

POPE SENDS JAPANESE EMPEROR FILM

Rome (CIP, 11/5)—In reply to a request from *Emperor Hirohito* who wished to receive a photograph of the Holy Father, *Pope Pius XII* informed the Japanese Emperor that he would not only be pleased to send him his portrait but an entire motion picture. A CIP Correspondent learned that the Pope has given instructions to proceed immediately with the Japanese dubbing of the "Pastor Angelicus" film, which illustrates the life and work of the Pope.

The Emperor's request for a photograph of the Pope was made in a message which accompanied a number

of gifts which he sent to the Vatican as an expression of his great respect for the Pope and of his interest in the Catholic Church.

EDUCATION AND THE FRENCH COALITION

Paris (CIP, 15/5)—French Socialists, during their two-day party congress, held the first week in May, strongly reaffirmed their determination to fight for "lay education." Their partners in the coalition Government, the Popular Republicans (MRP), are no less determined to uphold the "free schools"—i.e., the private schools "free" from government control, for the most part under Catholic auspices.

question appears to offer the most serious threat to co-operation between Socialists and Christian Democrats.

The immediate point at which the issue will be joined is the status of the schools in the mining communities in the Nord and Pas de Calais. After the mines were nationalized in December, 1944, the schools in those localities were also declared "nationalized" and brought under State control. A compromise, however, made it possible for the "free" schools in those localities to continue as they were.

The Socialists claim that the act of nationalizing the mines implies equally the nationalizing of the schools. MRP and Catholics generally deny there is any such connection. The status of the miners' schools, however, is admittedly only an occasion. Behind it is the conflict of two opposed views, not only of education, but also of the State and the function of the Church in society.

Socialist *Deixonne*, who is charged with presenting the proposed law, has left no doubt that he sides with those who want to obtain a State monopoly of education. Speaking in the National Assembly, he has charged those supporting the "free" schools with the intention of trying to establish a "clerical Republic" which would render "the Republic uninhabitable." In collaboration with other Socialists, he calls for the adoption of what is known as the new National Education Plan, which looks to the absorption by the State of all the "free schools." This plan would oblige all French children between the ages of 6 and 18 to attend the State schools and receive the same basic education.

French Catholics emphasize, on the other hand, that there is no question of legislating for or against the State schools, but only the right of parents to send their children to schools of their own choice.

Statistics of school attendance reveal the large role played by the "free schools" in French life. On the primary level, the "free schools" have 1,100,000 pupils in comparison with the 4,100,000 attending the State schools. On the secondary level, however, the numbers are much more equal: 311,000 in the "free" and 395,000 in the State schools. In technical training, the "free schools" have a large majority; 425,000 pupils as compared to 100,000 in the State-controlled schools.

The importance which the school question assumes in political life proves that, in France as in Belgium, it is not Communism, or economics or social reform, but religion that is the crucial issue dividing Socialists and Christian Democrats.

The Stage & Screen

Hope's The Thing

“AN EVENING OF COMEDY” is what Ray Dooley and Eddie Dowling called their up-town importation of Richard Harrity's short plays. And in a sense, their subtitle was correct. The trouble was, all the comedy came at one end. The delightful “Hope Is The Thing With Feathers” held its own, just as it had done down at the Experimental Theatre, but the further items—“Gone Tomorrow” and “Home Life Of A Buffalo”—came off only as sketches rather than plays. The first was a fairly amusing Irish arrangement of an expected wake; and the second, a tale of a determined vaudeville hooper who would not give up. This last was notable chiefly as a vehicle for the return of Ray Dooley after an absence of fourteen years, and I imagine a good many people were feeling a good bit of nostalgia before Miss Dooley's first entrance. I know I was. Long, long ago, I can remember a time when my older brother (aged eight) and I laughed so hard at Miss Dooley that she had to leave off being *that baby*, and laugh too. It's good to be able to report that she's just as nice, and moving, and silly as ever. Incidentally, this is probably a good time to remark that since most people take pride in having been born in a grease-box, I can at least admit to having arrived in this world in a theatre seat.

The show closed on Saturday after seven performances. On the other hand, a number of excellent actors had a chance to be seen; a new and provocative playwright got a chance at the Big Street; and, it is to be hoped, a number of new audiences will now know that the Experimental Theatre means exactly what it says. Mr. Dowling is to be thanked.

Sally

NOSTALGIA is again operating at the Martin Beck. Strangely enough, I can't remember the original of this Jerome Kern-P. G. Wodehouse business, but I must say I agree with the *Tribune* man when he announces there's a movement under way to change the title to “Willie.” Willie Howard is all. He's here, there, and everywhere, and evidently the movers of the piece are now working to have him never exist at all. If you like Mr. Howard (and I do), this will be your dish. Otherwise, I can only say that the tunes did not seem to me the best of Kern, the inept chorus numbers filled me with a horrid glee, and Bambi Linn seemed a little burly for the title role. All in all, a fairly simple evening. (at the Martin Beck.) KAPPO PHELAN.

Films In Fray

SEVERAL of our new movies are concerned with war: the last war, its aftermath and perhaps the next one. One thing these films have in common: their scripts and spoken words, if not their total effect, proclaim a hatred for war.

“Homecoming” starts out with an interesting theme as it shows how a doctor, who formerly considered his patients as cases and not as people, develops into a human being with feeling toward his fellow man. War's suffering and his nurse have most to do with melting the heart that beats beneath his stuffed shirt. Unfortunately this is told in soap-opera terms, and instead of becoming more and more noble as the story progresses, it becomes downright silly. The good cast aren't so much to blame. You can almost believe in Clark Gable as the expensive surgeon who finally learns about people, and in Lana Turner as his nurse who humanizes him, and in Anne Baxter as his wife who suffers at home and is anxious to share his problems when he returns, and in John Hodiak as his good friend whose interests lie in eradicating disease in slum areas. But you cannot believe in the things these people are made to say. And real-life doctors might very well take offense at the implication that this surgeon, even though he had a heart of ice, failed as a person in spite of the fact that he was so skilful with the scalpel. Mervyn LeRoy's direction will stir you from time to time, but the total effect of the film is no greater than those endless radio dramas that make you feel clean and comfortable with their soft soap.

“To the Victor” isn't likely to make anyone feel comfortable. Perhaps Producer Jerry Wald and Script-writer Richard Brooks had an idea when they started. Perhaps they meant to say that there is some decency even in the worst of us; but this film as it stands is so confused that it becomes difficult to tell what its makers had in mind. Its story is mainly concerned with a love affair between an American, who was an officer during the war and is now involved in the black market, and a French woman who was a collaborator, or at least if she wasn't, her husband was and she played along. The scrapes in which they find themselves are further complicated by a lot of other people whose morals and intentions are decidedly dubious. Director Delmer Daves was able to instill some suspense into the action, but Dennis Morgan as the “hero” had no idea whether he was playing the lovable American boy or the more stylish current American heel. Newcomer Viveca Lindfors makes the French woman more attractive to look at than to consider for her personality. The Parisian and Normandy sets are excellent and so are some of the members of the supporting cast: particularly Victor Francen, Eduardo Ciannelli and Joseph Bulog. But the picture's thinking is more than a bit muddled.

This is also true of “Berlin Express” which has some first-rate shots of Frankfort and Berlin, and a fine cast. But most of these assets were wasted on a spy-and-chase story that cannot stand up under scrutiny. Jacques Tourneur has directed this “Grand Hotel” plot to build up its suspense; and as long as you don't examine motives too carefully you'll get a thrill. Merle Oberon, Robert Ryan, Charles Korvin and several others become involved in a plot to get a certain German statesman to Berlin. This man, played effectively by Paul Lukas, has a plan to unify his war-torn country. Underground Nazis want to destroy him and the plan. You can guess

who wins when the members of this cast representing various nations tangle on the train and match wits in the city. One trouble with an international roster like this is that the characters begin to become symbols, and the first thing you know the symbols aren't acting true to form; and the next thing you know they collapse as people; and the plot degenerates into an exercise in national characteristics.

I think the makers of "*The Iron Curtain*" made a similar mistake in portraying most of the Russians, who as you know are the villains of the piece, as so inhuman. At times these characters cease to be people and are merely symbols of a way of life which we abhor. On the whole, however, this is an effective film. Directed by William A. Wellman in a semi-documentary style that makes for realism, "*The Iron Curtain*" tells the story of Igor Gouzenko who was a code clerk in the U.S.S.R. Embassy in Ottawa, Canada. Step by step we follow this young man as he adheres to the dictates of his Communist leaders, does his work faithfully, begins to question their methods and goals, then finally rebels and exposes the whole spy ring that even had a member in the Canadian Parliament and another member, an English scientist, who was spilling atomic secrets. The script that guides this film is very well written, and if the movie at times reminds you of "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," it may be because Milton Krims was the author of both. Director Wellman wisely shot much of his picture in Ottawa with background scenes that add to the authenticity. And the cast has been well chosen: Dana Andrews as Gouzenko, Gene Tierney as his wife who comes from Russia and who speeds his distaste for Communist ambitions, Nicholas Joy, June Havoc, Frederic Tozere and many others in supporting roles that add to the effectiveness of the whole. I particularly liked the performance of Edward Franz as a Russian officer whose conscience could stomach no more of Communist duplicity and who turns to liquor to drown the threat of threats: being sent back to Russia. It is unfortunate that this picture has caused such a hullabaloo. The film is no more war-mongering than are the Russians themselves; and if the story of the spy ring which was exposed in Canada can be told in the newspapers, it can also be told in the movies. It has been told. And those who want to see the Communists in action in a neutral country can see "*The Iron Curtain*."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

An Architectural Ramble

WAYNE ANDREWS

WE ARE TOLD that Robert Adam was buried in Westminster Abbey, with two earls and a duke for pallbearers. Which may not be the most important fact to remember about the architect of Syon House and Kedleston, but which sets the fame of Robert Adam in such an accurate perspective that one thanks Mr. James

Lees-Milne, author of "*The Age of Adam*" (Batsford, \$6.00) for having, at just the right moment, raised the question of an architect's prestige in the eighteenth century. However, this delicious detail, fine as it is, pales before the hundreds of anecdotes that stud the pages of this, the very most comprehensive account of the Adam brothers and their influence, and makes one hesitate to speak of "*The Age of Adam*" as a mere work of scholarship. For a work of scholarship has somehow come to connote a ponderous volume—harder to read than to write—and "*The Age of Adam*" is as charming as it is informative.

Here, in something like a hundred thousand words, we have the whole story of the rise in the world of the four Adam brothers, the calculating sons of old William Adam, a competent Scottish architect who had done so well that he ended his days at Blair Adam a four thousand-acre estate in Fifeshire. If Robert Adam was the genius of the brothers, the other three had the wit to back him to the limit, and Mr. Lees-Milne's readers will gather the impression that this is one of the great success stories in the history of architecture. In 1757 Robert Adam was in Split, leisurely measuring the ruins of Emperor Diocletian's Palace. He was in no hurry to publish the results, for the family coal fields were so profitable that haste would have been indecent. At last, in 1764, Robert Adam's studies reached the booksellers—lavishly presented for a lavish age. The American Revolution had not yet troubled the serenity of the British peerage, and while Horace Walpole was staging his *festinos* at Strawberry Hill, the Darbys, the Percys, and the Curzons were engaged in the desperate business of building and rebuilding their town and country houses. Gracefully aware of the advantages of his grand tour, Robert Adam made the most of this extravagant moment in British history.

Though Mr. Lees-Milne deftly chronicles the change in taste wrought by the Adam brothers, "*The Age of Adam*" is rich in references to much besides architecture. It is, indeed, a recreation of eighteenth century civilization as a whole. We read of the historian Robertson, who happened to be Adam's cousin, of David Garrick, for whom Adam may have designed the famous Temple of Shakespeare at Hampton, of David Hume, for whom Adam created a tombstone, and finally of Doctor Johnson, whose middle-class indignation at country houses is most amusing.

If we end by believing, as we already suspected, that eighteenth century England was dedicated to the happy few, we cannot but envy the existence, say, of the master of Osterley Park. For him Adam drew plans that fetched the admiration even of the ever-fastidious Horace Walpole. "Such expense! Such taste! Such profusion!" wrote Walpole at the end of a visit to Osterley. "It is so improved and so enriched that all the Percies and Seymours of Sion must die of envy." As for the drawing-room at Osterley, it was "worthy of Eve before the fall."

In time, as we know, Horace Walpole found fault with the Adam brothers. There were details at Osterley at which the wit of Strawberry Hill raised his eyebrows. And then there were the Adelphi Buildings. In Wal-

pole's opinion that most unfortunate speculation of the Adam family was no better than a series of "warehouses, laced down the seam, like a soldier's trull in a regimental coat."

No doubt Robert Adam was distressed by Walpole's quip. No doubt he was deeply embarrassed by the failure of the Adelphi. And yet, as one glances at the 160 superb photographs of "The Age of Adam," one cannot imagine that so prolific an artist was depressed for long. Maybe Robert Adam was as happy as he was successful.

★

There can be no question, however, that John Ruskin was a profoundly unhappy man. Perhaps much, if not all of the blame may be placed on Ruskin's parents, who taught him in his childhood to sigh for dinner invitations at the best homes, and who would never have dreamed of presenting him with a ruined castle on the eve of his career. Incidentally, Robert Adam was once made the master of a ruined castle by his fond father.

As all the world knows, John Ruskin made more people puzzle over more buildings than any writer in the English language. So it does not much matter that he was often furiously wrong in his judgments, nor, for instance, that he insulted Whistler. What matters is the fervor with which Ruskin told his version of the Gothic past, a fervor which Marcel Proust was surely not the last to appreciate.

But Admiral Sir William James, whose grandmother's first husband was John Ruskin, would have us forget the critic and consider the man—the man who failed to consummate his marriage, and in the end lost his mind. Such is the somber theme of the Admiral's "John Ruskin and Effie Gray: The Story of a Marriage" (Scribner's, \$3.50).

Today no one may care whether Effie Gray "ran off" with Sir John Millais or not, but many a reader of Ruskin will be driven to dip into his love letters, here published for the first time. They reveal a tragically self-centered misfit, the wretched son of an ambitious father. "I was gratified," wrote Father Ruskin of his famous son, "to find him admitted to tables of ministers, ambassadors, and bishops—but I was aware this arose from his having shown some knowledge in the fine arts, a subject chiefly interesting to the higher classes."

★

While John Ruskin, a hundred years ago, was debating painting and architecture with the peers of the realm, a Yankee stonecutter by the name of Horatio Greenough was not afraid to contemplate the problems of aesthetics. Greenough's essays, edited by an admirer of the slogan "form follows function," have just been reprinted by the University of California Press ("Form and Function," \$2.75), and maybe the time has come to ask if Greenough was a critic or a journalist.

"The men," Greenough advised our great-grandfathers, "who have reduced locomotion to its simplest elements, in the trotting wagon and the yacht *America*, are nearer to Athens at this moment than those who would bend the Greek temple to every use. I contend for Greek

principles, not Greek things." A utilitarian in a romantic era, Greenough condemned not only American Greek Revival architecture, but nearly every other manifestation of the romantic spirit in the fine arts, and certain extreme champions of the doctrine of functionalism have saluted this half-forgotten sculptor as a prophet of organic architecture, a Sullivan born before his time.

Such praise may be more than Greenough deserves. Indeed, it is possible that he cried for a purely functional approach to architecture simply because he dreaded whatever was imaginative in the buildings of his day. He sneered at Upjohn's Trinity Church, he snickered at Renwick's Smithsonian Institution, and he even attempted to make light of Mills's Washington Monument. Had Greenough lived at a later date, he might well have quibbled at the works of such functionalists as Sullivan, Wright, and Le Corbusier. For the great organic architects of recent times are curiously willing to break faith with the principles they endorse in writing as soon as they are faced with the problem of designing an actual building.

★

One thing is certain, Horatio Greenough would have loathed the houses which Mr. Clarence John Laughlin has photographed in his "Ghosts Along the Mississippi" (Scribner's, \$10.00). Even if, as Mr. Laughlin suggests, the architects of Louisiana made extensive use of local materials, and "rooted" their style in the nature of these materials, the romantic intention was obvious. Functionalism, pure functionalism was not enough.

Since Mr. Laughlin is probably the most sensitive architectural photographer of our time, and since the hundred delicately printed plates of "Ghosts Along The Mississippi" reproduce the very greatest plantations of antebellum Louisiana, an area unusually rich in examples of the Greek Revival and not unmindful of the Gothic, it would be absurd to try to praise what is so evidently a major contribution to the literature of American architecture.

More Books

Our Partnership. Beatrice Webb. Longmans, Green. \$5.00.

FROM the time they became man and wife in 1892, Beatrice Potter and Sidney Webb worked together for half a century in the cause of social reform. "Our Partnership" covers the years 1892-1912, during which this indefatigable pair helped to guide the Fabian Society, wrote a definitive history of trade unionism, labored to reform the London County Council, and established, with the assistance of a few others, the University of London.

All of these are achievements of some magnitude, but it would be easy to exaggerate the interest of this book for the average reader. It consists primarily of extracts from contemporary diaries kept by the author, connected by brief passages of narrative and exposition. Much that is here related will appear dry unless one comes to the

book with a special interest in the spadework of social reform.

There is one respect, however, in which it should bring delight to any reader of normal sensitivity, for it carries one back to that era of sanity ending in 1914 when it seemed that the patient collecting of fact, the writing of solid books, and the making of enlightened speeches might early bring about the millenium. We have had to revise our estimates since then, but it gives one the pleasant sense of innocence regained to return even for a night to a period in which such optimism seemed justified.

Mrs. Webb found time to set down, amid the statistics and endless records of meetings, a few sharp characterizations of the leading figures of her day. The work of the two, both in and out of politics, brought them into contact with every sort of notable, from labor leaders on one side to staunch conservatives on the other. It must be confessed that these little sketches are without regard to the political affiliation of their subjects. Britain was becoming acquainted back in the 1890's with prima donna-ism among labor leaders, and some of their portraits are done with an acid pen. John Burns, to cite a single example, is characterized as "unscrupulous, incurably suspicious," and "a born leader of barbarians." Others appear in scarcely more flattering light.

It is doubtful whether many reformers have had less trust in the wisdom and capacity of the common man. The Webbs believed in government for him, but hardly by him. Here are a few typical observations: "We have little faith in the 'average sensual man,' we do not believe that he can do much more than describe his grievances, we do not think that he can prescribe the remedies." "I do not believe that the ordinary man is capable of prescribing for the diseases of the soul any more than they are for the diseases of the body." "We staked our hopes on the organized working-class, served and guided, it is true by an *élite* of unassuming experts who would make no claim to superior social status, but would content themselves with exercising the power inherent in superior knowledge and longer administrative experience."

From this ideal of service they never deviated, and in a world plagued with selfishness and malevolence, their work must remain a monument of goodwill to men.

RICHARD M. WEAVER.

Lucinda Brayford. Martin Boyd. Dutton. \$3.00.

WHEN Frederick Vane and his friend, Brayford, both hard-drinking fox hunters, decided one night in 1858 to duck a divinity student in the Cam, the consequences had enough importance to create an exceptionally readable story about the next three generations of their descendants in Australia and England.

Vane, forced to pay out of his allowance the expenses of Chapman's case of pneumonia, was caught trying to cheat at cards and, sent down from Cambridge, was shipped off to Melbourne where Chapman himself had gone for his health. Both settled down with Australian wives and eventually the clergyman's daughter, Julie, married Vane's son, who, after three years of mulish struggle in the "bush," laid the foundation of a fortune which marked him as one of Melbourne's richest citizens by the time his pretty daughter, Lucinda, made her society debut. Both Mr. and Mrs. Vane were duly elated when Lucinda

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promptly married one of the Governor's aides, Captain the Honorable Hugo Brayford, cousin to Lord Wendale and stepbrother to the Viscount Crittenden. But, although possessing the refinements of better education and breeding than Vane, Brayford was of the same hard metal. Lucinda, who had inherited the more sensitive nature of the Chapmans, had to face the same disillusionment in marriage as her mother had. Convention and the Crittenden code had far more influence with Lucinda than morality, but she stuck by her husband after a facial wound in World War I had transformed his handsome features into something monstrous. She also raised her son in accordance with the better family strain.

Stephen was in line for the title but blighted his life at the start by marrying his first cousin, who had all the worst characteristics of the Vanes. Neither the Vanes nor the Chapmans had any interest in exploring spiritual values but, after acquiring the habit of attending Evensong at King's Chapel in Cambridge, Stephen's eyes had been opened to new vistas. He helped in the evacuation of Dunkirk but, when it came to getting a commission, he found that military service was incompatible with his conscience. He was sent to a military prison and never recovered from the results of a guard's brutal treatment. He received the sacrament of Communion from an Anglo-Catholic minister before he died.

The long reach of coincidence in the mingling of Vanes and Chapmans may be rather fantastic, but the idea is interesting as a point of integration for a family history; any psychological inferences are left to the reader and the narrative is refreshingly direct and objective. The sub-plots are all rather distasteful but the author is careful to skim the surface of sluggish water without discoloring it with bottom mud. The charm of culture and veneer of convention which camouflaged the lack of morals in smart London society between the wars is shown in casual contrast to the quixotically high standards of Lord and Lady Crittenden and the old landed gentry; while the hot dry countryside and highly colored flora and the super-luxury of the Vane's Melbourne palace have dramatic contrast in Crittenden's green quiet and the faded treasures of the ancient Tudor house. The finger of doom seems lifted when the unsavory Australian newspaper magnate buys up the neighboring old Norman Castle and, becoming Lord Fitzauuncell, indirectly brings about the extinction of the Brayford line when Stephen's bride elopes with one of the new peer's henchmen.

The characters have a rather surprising vitality but are drawn with more robustness and more surety of detail in Australia than in England. Lucinda remains a little shadowy—which, one gathers, was part of her charm. In King's Chapel, after Stephen's funeral, Lucinda realized that, while she must face a new kind of life without any of the pleasant amenities that had made it bearable, the world need not necessarily collapse in the complete moral ruin which her bachelor brother-in-law expected. For, if an ordinary boy like Stephen, who had seemed to fail in everything, had never done anything cruel or dishonorable and had loved all that was good, then there must be thousands of other boys stronger and wiser than he who could be counted on to rebuild the world after the war. The Chapmans, once they had reached a sounder spiritual attitude, would more than counterbalance the Vanes.

Inevitably the comparison arises between this family

chronicle and the "Forsyte Saga." So far as story-telling goes, Mr. Boyd stands up well with Mr. Galsworthy; he has a far keener sense of satire but his preoccupation with sex narrows his outlook and his characters like his writing lack a certain distinction. "Lucinda," however, comprises enough action for four Galsworthy novels.

E. V. R. WYATT.

Introduction to Chinese Art and History. Arnold Silcock. Oxford. \$5.00.

THE CRAZE of the West for *chinoiserie* began about 1750; that it still has life is only too evident in the house (rented furnished) where I write: surrounding me is a heterogeneous collection of vases too large for flowers, too delicate for umbrellas; bowls too large for cigarette ashes, too small for salad; teapots too fragile for use; brocades much admired by moths; assorted, unidentifiable objects admired by nothing except dust.

Unfortunately but all too apparently, the craze has coincided with the decline and eclipse of Chinese art, which the craze accelerated rather than delayed. Anything Chinese became salable; to meet the indiscriminate demand, Chinese craftsmen rapidly turned out routine, inferior copies of traditional successes, emphasizing the qualities of prettiness and ingenuity which appeared to appeal most to foreigners.

The foreigners are not entirely to blame. As is well known, the Chinese have at all periods shown an enormous respect for tradition, for the past, in place of the future or material present admired by westerners. No form, symbol, idea invented or adopted in China even in prehistoric times seems ever to have been lost. At the same time, the Chinese have manifested a continuous propensity for formalization. At its best, this attitude has given to Chinese art in all its phases now (as in early Chou bronzes) extraordinary solidity and power; now (as later artists exercised their ingenuity to devise fresh variations on traditional themes) great delicacy and subtlety. But even the best periods finally degenerate into academic pedantry, uninspired repetition: free expression is throttled by tradition.

Arnold Silcock's intention is not to provide a guide by which we may decide which *chinoiserie* to throw out, which to lock in the corner cupboard; although it should prove helpful in that regard. What he has chiefly aimed at is to link up Chinese art of all periods with contemporary historical and temperamental conditions; and at the same time to connect the art, history and disposition of the Chinese with those of the West. It is a short book: an introduction rather than a study. Those who will find it most useful are the uninitiated, and the perhaps larger group who have a smattering of the subject without correlation or perspective.

As one of the latter, I found especially informative the sections on pottery and porcelain, particularly the descriptions of the methods of manufacturing various types in various dynasties. I would have liked (perhaps chiefly out of nostalgia arising from a hurried visit to China thirteen years ago) somewhat more attention to, and photographs of, architecture. (But of course no early examples could have been photographed. Whereas early Chinese art was in most respects far in advance of comparable art in the West, until relatively recently the Chinese, in sharp contrast to the solid, enduring, grandiose monuments of the West, built even their most monu-

mental edifices from perishable materials.)

The book is illustrated with color plates, halftones, drawings, maps—fewer than one might wish, and arranged in a fashion difficult to tie in with the text—but more lavish illustration would have increased the cost of the book and partly destroyed its compactness. Considering that this is a fresh (29 April of this year) revision of an earlier edition, it is disconcerting to read in the final paragraph: "China, at length united and victorious, once more can turn to the arts of peace and renew her interrupted progress."

DAVID BURNHAM.

Paul Rosenfeld: Voyager in the Arts. Edited by Jerome Mellquist and Lucie Wiese. Creative Age. \$3.50.

THE HAPPY custom in Scandinavian countries, upon the occasion of the 50th and again at the 60th birthdays of their artists and elder statesmen, is to celebrate the ways in which they have "filled the years" with memoirs and tributes from plain folk and colleagues. In Paris, too, the *Hommage* is an institution. Our own nation, aware of success, business success in particular, sees to it that advertising and self-advertising keeps men going. But by and large it is left to obituary columns to celebrate the modest workers in the national vineyard.

Reading this collection of memoirs and estimates, and deeply felt acknowledgments from more than fifty writers, painters and musicians to Paul Rosenfeld's place in American cultural history as a critic of subtle and knowledgeable generosity, one wonders whether Paul might not have been with us longer if he had really known how grateful a climate he lived in. At the end he suffered not only reverses in material fortune, but an uncertain sense of being, not misprized, but brushed by in the wanton turmoil of a second war.

This collection of letters, essays, and poems, and paragraphs would have made him feel richer than he knew, for plainly he was part of many people's lives, prompter to their integrity, kind to their youth, and delicate censor when they stooped to mere commercialism. The respect and racy appreciation with which Edmund Wilson leads off, the affection with which his editors have traced his friends and proteges, the way in which each has contributed some chapter of a story, all bring back the eager chubby presence, the solitary but social fellow, whose North Star was Art. He recoiled not from the whole political scene of change and mass audience, but from the poor uses to which business and the state put their artists, conscripting those who might have been delicate antennae finding the sensitive and peaceful way, into weapons to pound out a general uniformity of blind route to what?

Each of the fifty writers the editors have brought together recalls some part of Paul Rosenfeld's story. Some knew him as the chubby uneasy boy from the brownstone front, with its good meals and its book shelves laden with the cultural goods of Europe, who was sent to a military school to improve his posture, and was always a little lost after the death of his mother, and his father's troubled grief. Some knew him at Yale, or abroad on his first voyages of discovery (so different from the hubbub of mass travel). The *Seven Arts*, the *Dial*, the *American Caravan*, the heyday of the *New Republic*, all carried choice cargo over his signature. There was a quality of superb citizenship in his will that Americans should know the best of Europe, and something akin to the pioneers in

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Next Week

THE DI GIORGIO STRIKE, by Ernesto Galarza, tells in detail the story of the all-out labor dispute at the Di Giorgio Fruit Corporation's 12,000-acre ranch in Kern County, California. The strike is now in its eighth month and the workers' objectives are union recognition, collective bargaining and better pay. How and why the company opposes them so bitterly and what seasonal labor is like in this "factory-in-the-fields."

HAS MOSCOW CHANGED ITS LINE? by Christopher Emmet. The topic of the hour is the renewed hope of peace induced by the interchange of notes between Ambassador Bedell Smith and Mr. Molotov. The author of this article, a noted political observer and radio commentator, explains why he opposes the calling of any general conference between Russia and the United States. What we can ultimately offer the Soviets, only after they have withdrawn from the satellite countries and permitted free elections to be held, is "our help in the economic reconstruction of Russia and the rest of Eastern Europe."

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his salute to every talent that spoke for the future and shot upwards from the chaotic present. Alyse Gregory, Sherwood Anderson, e. e. cummings, Allen Tate, Stark Young, Roy Harris, Carlos Chavez, Edgard Varese, Alfred Kreymborg, Louise Bogan, Gerald Sykes, John Marin . . . these are only a few recording a special debt to him. The titles of the various memoirs tell the story: *The Listener*, Waldo Frank calls him. *Virtuosity in Discernment*: William Schuman. *A Son of Imagination*: Marianne Moore. *Prompter of Fiction*: Robert Penn Warren. *Lyric Wisdom*: Lewis Mumford. *Sociological Compulsion*: Edwin Avery Park. *Ploughman of the Future*: Herbert J. Seligman. *Critical Patron*: Agna Enters. *Spokesman for an American Tradition*: Charles E. Ives. What we had was a man who loved America and was one of her severest critics, hoping so much for the maturity of a people, and the constant refreshment of their vision.

ERNESTINE EVANS.

The Human Wisdom of Saint Thomas. Arranged by Josef Pieper. Translated by Drostan MacLaren, O.P. Sheed. \$2.00.

IN THIS small "breviary," Sheed & Ward have produced a very interesting stimulant to the intelligence and will. The author is Saint Thomas Aquinas, and the "arranger," or anthologist, a German Thomist who did the work of this book while serving in the Army, remembering, as it were, in a special kind of tranquillity. "In such changing conditions of life, what has already become familiar is encountered afresh, as if for the first time, and with previously unknown potentialities of understanding." On 104 pages, Josef Pieper sets out 531 brief quoted sentences and paragraphs from all Saint Thomas's works, each selection indexed at the back of the book to its source. For those who know the philosophy well, it is a "breviary," recalling meanings and the scheme of thought and perhaps the passage. For more readers, the quotations will be almost epigrams, read by themselves, so many of them carrying genuine shock. All together, they begin to build the Thomist pattern, of "order and mystery," and strongly they attract the mind to further and further exploration and consideration. . . . As in quotation (531), which is the last reference which Father Pieper gives: "Even though the eye of the owl does not see the sun, nevertheless the eye of the eagle gazes at it."

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